

## **Speaking without Thinking**

### ***To Viviane***

The couple licks my skin as a ray of sunshine – blinding and exalting.

I anticipate what will be said by grasping their hunger for the unknown, the exotic fruit because erotic: natural and always familiar, savage beast of ancestral desire.

He affirms, bewildered and paralysed: *look at your tan*; while she, with penetrating efficacy: you are very desirable – which timidly I don't deny or hide.

The woman's demand (heat searching for shade), however, is immediately accomplice, what incites me to speak without thinking.

*Feel free to desire me as much as you want, I don't mind*, I say in a direct singularity, proper of my language – grasping the truth anterior to the eye in me.